Evening World Daily Magazine

Evening World's New Perfect Figure Contest

To Make Perfectly Proportioned for Their Height Women Who Now Weigh Fifteen or More Pounds Over or Under Their Proper Weight.

AWARDS.

$50 to the contestant whose weight and measurements at the close of the contest are nearest correct for her height.

$25 to the contestant who shall rank second.

$10 to the contestant who shall rank third.

$5 each to the THREE contestants who shall rank fourth, fifth and sixth.

The Contest Will Begin Monday, Jan. 22—For Twelve Weeks Contestants Will Follow Illustrated Lessons Prepared by Miss Pauline Furlong and Published Daily in The Evening World.

Every Woman Whose Weight Is Now Fifteen or More Pounds Greater or Less Than It Should Be for Her Height Is Eligible to Enter This Contest—Consult Accompanying Chart.

CHART.

Ft. In.	Wgt.
5	106
5—½	108½
5—1	111
5—1½	114
5—2	117
5—2½	120
5—3	123
5—3½	126
5—4	129
5—4½	132
5—5	135
5—5½	138
5—6	141
5—6½	144½
5—7	148
5—7½	151½
5—8	155
5—8½	158½
5—9	162
5—9½	165½
5—10	169

This chart gives correct weight at heights indicated.

By Pauline Furlong

TO ENTER this contest, if you are eligible, write me a note asking for an appointment to be weighed and measured. State your age, height and weight and sign your name and address. I will then mail you an appointment card telling you when to call on me at the private suite of offices opened by The Evening World for this purpose, with only women in attendance. Address your note "Miss Pauline Furlong, Perfect Figure Contest, Evening World, 63 Park Row, New York City."

PAULINE FURLONG

All applications must be received not later than Saturday, Jan. 20. The earlier your application is received, the less difficult it will be for me to grant you an appointment on a preferred day or at your most convenient hour.

Never before has such an opportunity been presented to women who are desirous of bettering the proportions of their figures. And best of all is the fact that the methods which will aid the accomplishment of this purpose also will bring about a bettered condition of health, making the results doubly beneficial.

Answers to Beauty and Health Queries.

CREAM AND SUGAR IN COFFEE—MRS. H. G.: It is absolutely necessary to leave sugar and cream from coffee if you are fifty pounds too heavy and trying to reduce weight. You can use any sugar substitute. Coffee without sugar is much more healthy and easy to digest. In fact, it really helps to digest food, and after you have become accustomed to the taste of coffee without cream you will like it much better.

GAS ON STOMACH—MRS. G. F. D.: Errors in diet are the real cause of this trouble. Too much food, starches and sweets should also be avoided. Tight corsets and clothing also exaggerate this condition.

RHEUMATISM—B. K. H.: Faulty diet, retained waste in the system, and poor circulation must be corrected. Copious water drinking, deep breathing and fresh air exercises.

OBESITY DIET LIST—MRS. L. H.: Send me two cents and please repeat your query. There are many private gymnasiums in New York, I am told.

BOW-LEGS—RALPH G.: This condition cannot be easily remedied at your age. It may be corrected early in life, however.

FAT ON SHOULDER BLADES—MRS. G. R. T.: The tight corset has caused this, and the flesh in these parts has become inert and flabby. Only through strenuous exercises can you remove it. Heavy massage with the rolling pin is also effective. Bag punching and arm swinging will help remove fat from shoulder blades.

INSOMNIA—GRACE T.: Do not retire until two hours after eating, and avoid heavy foods late in the evening. Try to learn to relax and leave your business troubles and worries in your office. Worry and anxiety also cause insomnia. Sleep in a cold room and take a warm bath (not hot) before retiring.

While You Wait For the Doctor

Croup and Convulsions.

CROUP is a very common ailment among young children. It is caused by a throat spasm due to any local irritation such as a cold or a change from clear to foggy weather. It occurs most frequently at night. The child has difficulty in breathing, coughs, gasps, and in severe cases turns blue and eyes become glassy. If the attack has reached this stage it is best to send for a doctor. Turn the heat on the room at once, or if the house is cold take the child into some room where you can have a fire even if you have to take him to the kitchen. Apply hot water bags to his body and if the wheezing still continues throw a blanket over a table and make a steam tent; bring this near the stove and get the teakettle to boiling and direct the steam under your improvised tent. If the child is very small the mother can get under this tent and hold the little one so that he will not be frightened. Inhaling this steam should ease the breathing greatly. Do not return the child to the cool room after this steam treatment or he may take cold and the croup return. Rig up some sort of a cot where he can sleep by the fire until morning. Or instead of the treatment with the steam you can give him a teaspoonful of syrup of ipecac and repeat the dose if it does not work in ten minutes. This causes vomiting, which usually relieves the breathing to such an extent that the child very shortly drops off to sleep.

Convulsions in little children are not an unusual occurrence. They are caused by many different ailments such as difficult teething, indigestion, constipation, fever and some of the common infectious diseases to which little folks are subject. Sometimes the teeth are gritted hard and the muscles twitch and the head is thrown back or the eyes roll up. The pulse is very rapid and irregular, the breathing is difficult and the skin is cold and often wet with perspiration. When this occurs a doctor should be sent for at once as this condition is too dangerous to rely wholly on home remedies, but while waiting for the physician to arrive the child can almost always be greatly benefited by being given a hot mustard bath made by dissolving a tablespoonful of mustard in four gallons of water. But be very sure that the water is not hot enough to burn.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten

Original Designs for The Home Dressmaker

Advice in the Selection of Materials and Styles for All Types Furnished by The Evening World's Expert.

By Mildred Lodewick

TAILORED FROCK OF SMART LINES.

Description.

THE rivalry of the one-piece frock and the coat and skirt still continues, so that it is an interesting conjecture whether by spring the frock will have conquered or the suit regained its original popularity.

Thin one-piece frocks of this winter, worn under a top coat, have given women a new feeling of satisfaction and pride on being dressed suitably for any occasion throughout the day when any form of gayety is indulged in. The frocks for morning wear are quite as smart as any suit could be. An illustration of this fact is found in the design of today. It is suitable for serge, satin, velvet, velours, linen or almost any other fabric of medium weight.

The revers of this model achieve distinction for the frock by an uncommon selfishness. Not satisfied with an honored place on the waist, they continue past the belt line, where a trimming band on the skirt stops them abruptly. Another trimming band below this, together with the belt above it, forms an effective triple trimming.

Of dark army blue material this design would be pretty with gray broadcloth combined as revers, cuffs, trimming bands and skirt band, and blue braid trimming the gray portions.

A youthful frock could be developed of dark blue serge, with rose color velour used where the gray was suggested, and a more matronly one could be achieved by the use of black satin with dark blue, tan, purple or any other color serge for the main frock.

For summer wear, any color linen would be suitable for the main frock, with white linen and colored braid as trimming.

Answers to Queries.

Fashion Editor Evening World:

I am forty-four years of age, have gray hair, blue eyes, medium dark skin, and ask your advice concerning a dress of black serge. Would like a touch of color on it. Am 43-inch bust, 40-inch hips, weigh 168 pounds. Thanking you,

MRS. H.

Dull blue or royal purple soutache braid in straight lines across front, and combined with embroidery on sleeves and skirt. Ball buttons made of the braid.

Fashion Editor Evening World:

I have three yards of orchid satin which I wuold like to combine with something else for an evening frock. Am thirty years of age; light brown hair and eyes; weigh 125 pounds.

MISS A. J.

Cloth of silver bodice, silver ribbon streamers, silver lace.

Fashion Editor Evening World:

I would like to remodel in an up-to-date fashion a dark blue serge dress from two years ago which had a full tunic and plain waist with vest and collar of white satin. Will you aid me with your advice? I am twenty-five years of age and can wear almost any style.

MRS. H. E.

Blue satin panel front and cuffs, embroidered in old gold, dull blue and green. Your tunic can be arranged like this, open in front to give more fulness the [illegible] the way around, when [illegible] derskirt will be all right [illegible] H. conference.

HIS ALIBI.

"IF you are innocent," said the lawyer to his client, an old darky, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi."

"I dun' specs we kin," the darky replied doubtfully.

"At what time was the ham stolen?"

"'Bout 'leben erclock, day say."

"Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?"

"No, sah. I was hidin' de ham."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Joan the Woman

Geraldine Farrar now starring in a film spectacle based upon this story

By Jeanie Macpherson

IN the small village of Domremy, France, in the war-torn year of 1429, there lived Joan of Arc with her simple parents, Isambeau and Jacques d'Arc, and her brother and younger sister, Pierre and Katherine.

Her father, like most of the people of his province, owned a small herd of cattle and sheep—a somewhat cantankerous man of honest but narrow mind, who no more understood his inspired daughter than did good Isambeau, the mother, who had, however, a more gentle nature. Joan was a dutiful, loving daughter, taking her share in the work at home and in the fields just as any other peasant girl of her day. At no time was she a cold, ascetic young saint. She laughed and cried as other girls—was enthusiastic and patriotic, and frankly intolerant of disloyalty; in no way very different from the girls around her except for her extraordinary loyalty to her King—in great contrast to the indifferent villagers, who were neither for nor against their King.

Many felt Charles VII. to be weak and unmilitary because he did not rise up and lead what remained of his scattered array in an attempt at least to drive out the ever victorious English. But Joan saw only the pathetic side of her King—the wistful and impoverished young man, one half of whose kingdom had deserted him flatly to join the standard of the English invader; whose own capital city, Paris, was frankly less French than English; whose own cousin, the rich Duke of Burgundy and most powerful man in France, had deserted him to fight on the side of the English King against his own country; whose insane father had signed away his rights of succession to the throne in a shameless treaty.

All this touched the girl's patriotism and in time developed in her strongly spiritual nature a great inspiration. Joan, as shown by exhaustive research, was never other than a wonderfully inspired, very human girl—never a celestial being from another world.

The story opens with a modern beginning in an English trench "somewhere in France." Young Eric Trent, an English officer, and his "bunkie," Davis, are seated one evening about sundown, chatting, in their "dugout." Davis is painfully trying to darn his socks, while Eric, hammering at a loose board in the trench wall, comes upon an ancient, rust-eaten sword buried deep in the dirt. Eric shows it to Davis and both wonder what "queer old chap" could have carried it—and in what long forgotten battle!

The Colonel of their regiment has found it necessary in order to destroy a certain German trench to call for volunteers, and Eric and Davis are called to report to the Colonel with several others. The Colonel shows the little group the deadly bomb that must be carried to the enemy trench, and in asking for volunteers explains the extreme hazard of the mission. All of the men, including Eric, volunteer, but the Colonel points out that the man who goes cannot possibly come back and will probably be killed. He tells the group that he does not wish them to give a hurried answer, but to return to their trenches, think it over and report to him at midnight.

Back in their "dugout," Eric urges Davis not to go because of the photograph of his (Davis's) "kiddies." He points out that it is so more fitting for him, being unmarried, to go. Davis refuses to promise and retires to his bunk, where he soon falls to sleep. Eric lights his pipe to think things over in the dim candle light.

Suddenly his eye falls again on the old sword. He picks it up and fits his hand to the hilt, weighing it. As he does so, a strange sense of familiarity steals over him. "Where—when—how," did he hold this kind of sword before? Then, with the feeling of a new presence in the room, he turns toward the dim shadows and sees standing in lustrous, shining armor the figure of Joan of Arc. He can only watch her, stupefied, as she stands gravely regardinfg him. Finally she speaks with a certain command, though with a gentle womanliness too, and says: "The time has come for thee to expiate thy sin against me!" Eric leans toward her, asking breathlessly: "What sin?" For answer Joan only motions him to follow her. She steps slowly backward, growing fainter and fainter as she goes, and Eric reaches out straining arms.

JOAN FIRST HEARS THE "VOICES" THAT ARE TO INSPIRE HER TO GREAT DEEDS.

The scene fades into blackness—then the mist gradually clears and we are back in 1429, in the French village of Domremy, the birthplace of Joan. Here, under sunny skies, with their house facing the little church, the d'Arc family spend their quiet, busy humdrum existence, in which the coming of Joan's Uncle Laxart is an event. He has walked many dusty miles with his "handkerchief bundle" slung on a stick over his shoulder. Joan is plainly his favorite niece and she adores the gentle old man.

He is to spend several days with the d'Arc family and a busy preparation for one of good wife d'Arc's special suppers begins. During this preparation, as Joan is roasting partridges over the "spit" in the fireplace, she hears Laxart retailing the latest gossip about the King, and stops to listen. She hears Laxart saying that the English take a new town each day, that the armies of the King are running, and that the King himself is preparing to flee France!

This makes a great impression on the patriotic Joan, and when her mother remarks that if things keep on "all France will soon be English," Joan's anxiety knows no bounds. Isambeau goes on to recount hopefully, however, the old French proverb that "France, lost by a wanton, will be saved by a Virgin!" As Joan listens to this, absorbed, the partridge slips from her hand into the fire. She reaches to rescue it, but the grease spurts up in a flame and burns her hand. She pulls back with a frightened cry, "The fire! The fire!" suddenly knowing that some place, some time, she will feel this same flame on her flesh again.

Meantime, knowing of Charles's impoverished court and his great love of luxury, the cunning English Regent, the Duke of Bedford, conceives a plan to ruin Charles and get possession of the remainder of his kingdom. So he takes his capable young captain, Eric Trent, and decides to visit the Duke of Burgundy, Charles's cousin, who is unfriendly to Charles and loyal to England.

Burgundy welcomes Bedford and Eric Trent and the plot against the French King is laid. Bedford tells Burgundy that there's a "plum in the pie" for both of them if England takes the crown of France, and in order to do this they must first strip Charles of all power.

Appealing to Burgundy's ambition, he adds that when this is accomplished he, Burgundy, may have as reward the Governorship of Paris. This suits Burgundy, but he asks how all this is to be done. Bedford replies that the people are sure, in time, to rally around the standard of a ragged Charles, whom they would pity, and suggests that "this princeling must be petted and amused while English soldiers crush the few who call him King."

The idea is to overwhelm the weak Charles in luxury and amusement, giving him everything he desires but a crown. For their purpose Burgundy procures a rich commoner called George de la Tremoille. Burgundy explains that men call him "the Spider" and that he will do anything for a title. He is to become England's tool, though pretending loyalty to Charles.

Bedford and Burgundy tell "the Spider" that he is to seek out Charles in his shabby court, taking with him jewels and fur-lined robes as gifts for his uncrowned King. This done, he is to set Charles up in a gorgeous court which more befits him, and when Charles is grateful enough to create him Prime Minister he is to make it his business to see that Charles spends no money for any military projects, or makes any move which will conflict with England. In other words—he is to become the King's keeper. Tremoille is well baited with a promise of a Dukedom and starts out. The Duke of Bedford returning to England, leaves his young captain, Eric Trent, to represent him with Burgundy and tells Burgundy that Eric will in all things serve him.

Charles is having his own troubles with unpaid bills and impatient creditors. One long suffering cobbler interrupts Charles just as he is instructing his faithful young page in the art of lute playing (Charles's favorite pastime). The cobbler, disgusted at the King's occupation, pulls the very shoes from his feet, telling him "he'll get no more till those are paid for." Charles, therefore, is in no mood to hear the earnest entreaties of his faithful General, La Hire, to send food and funds to the army, as the hungry soldiers are deserting to the camps of his Burgundian cousin. Charles asks him how he can send any help when he himself has no shoes and, dismissing La Hire with scant courtesy, the young King turns his attention to graver matters—the curling of his hair by a barber!

The Duke of Burgundy calls a company of his soldiers together, puts Capt. Eric Trent, the Englishman, at their head, and orders them to forage in the pastures of Domremy for cattle. So split is the France of this period in national sentiment that Burgundy considers Domremy—though part of his own France—the enemy's country, and Eric and the Burgundians set out to raid the fat pastures of Domremy.

(To Be Continued.)

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer

Begins on This Page Monday, Jan. 22